

MR. DOOLEY WON THE CAMPAIGN

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"Pollytickal managers in false whiskers consulted with him."

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "this is th' gr-reat campaign. It ain't like anything I ever see before. It's so pleasant an' homelike. Ivrybody call in' each other liars an' crooks not like pollytickal imities, d'ye mind, but like old frinds that has been up late dhrinkin' together. No batin' about th' bush, no standin' on anny formalities, but 'I picked ye out iv th' gutter an' where's me thanks?' or 'Whin we roomed together ye stole me watch'—all fine an' manly like th' pollytickal debates I have to decide on a Saturdah night with a bung starter. Sure I wudden't be surprised if they want a step further an' ye'd pick up a pa-aper some mornin' an' read that Prisdint Taft an' ex-Prisdint Rosenfelt had met in front iv Monk Kennedy's policy shop an' th' polis had been obliged to pry them apart, but not before th' prisdint had bit th' hand that fed him."

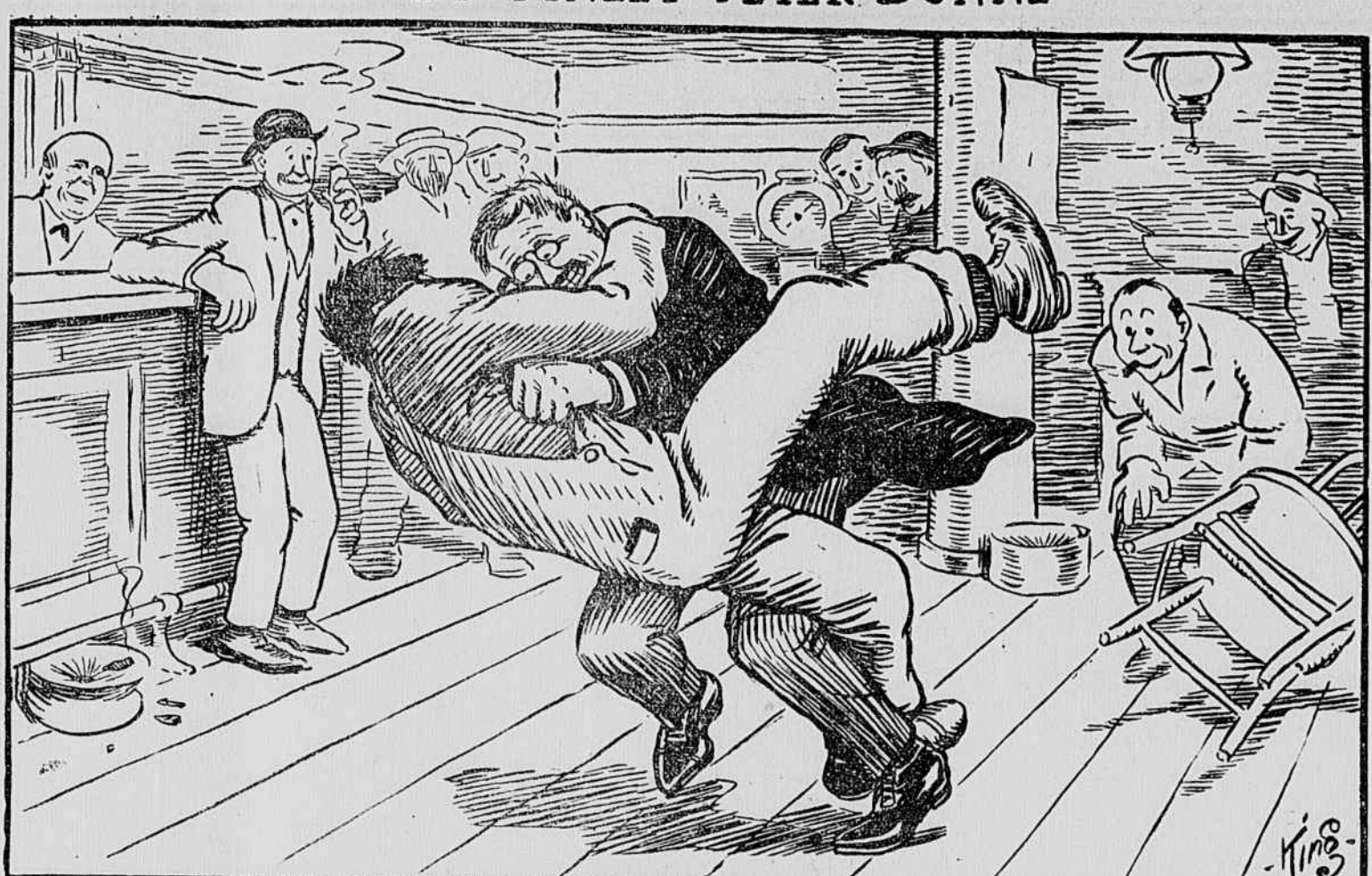
"It's grand. I like it. In times past whin ye voted fr' prisdint ye didn't vote fr' a man. Ye voted fr' a kind iv a statue that ye'd put up in ye'er own mind on a marble pidestal. Ye niver heerd iv George Wash'nton goin' around th' counthry distributin' five cent see-gars an' tellin' people that Thomas Jefferson run an illicit still. No, sir; George was th' father iv his country an', like a father, he sildom spoke in th' prisdint iv th' famly unless he was cross with them."

"Why, Hennessy, whin I was a young fellow an' in pollyticks, though I was captain iv me precinct an' a gr-reat power an' with a wave iv me hand cud make or onmake th' very polisman on this beat, I niver want see a candydate fr' prisdint. Whin a man had th' impydence to think he was entitled to this here exalted job th' first thing he did was to get out iv me sight, knowin' if I had a chanst to see him an' hear him talk I'd say to meself: 'He won't do. If that fellow is fit to be prisdint I'll have to go to see th' leaders an' run fr' pope.' After th' candydate had pegged his hat in th' ring, which he done in those days be writin' a letter sayin' that while he wud not engage in anny vulgar scramble fr' th' most exalted

job in th' wurruld an' wud much prefer th' quiet iv private life at half th' pay, he wud consint to be a candydate on'y if th' conviction felt that he wud best carry out th' principles iv Wash'nton or Jefferson, he ducked. Afther that th' neighbors on'y see him occas'nally settin' at th' window with a smile on his lips an' a frown on his forehead, wan hand in th' breast iv his Prince Albert an' th' other holdin' a copy iv th' Declaration iv Independence. Wanst a month whin his imities spread th' report that he was dead a comity want to see him an' he come out on th' front porch an' read a piece out iv th' Fourth Reader."

"As fr' a prisdint that wanted to be ilted again minglin' with th' high pulleye, as Hogan calls his frinds, I wudden't know what to think about it. He stuck in the White House an' pretended that he didn't know whether iliction day was in July or April. Anny information he got about th' way th' money was comin' in at headquarters he got fr'm pollytickal managers who called on him in false whiskers, got into th' White House be th' back way, an' consulted with him behind th' furnace in th' cellar. He left his part iv th' talkin' to th' candydate fr' vice prisdint, who went around th' counthry pleadin' with th' masses an' stoppin' their brick bats with his head. To a few confidential frinds he spoke iv his opp-onent's private life as without stain, an' whin he felt it his jooty to inform th' public that he was in ra-ality a passer iv counterfeited money who was posin' as a confidence man he let th' chairman iv th' campaign comity say it."

"But it's changed now fr' th' better. All th' candydates fr' our impeeryal sufferage ar-re like ourselves whin we ain't ourselves. I can't go out on th' sthreet without havin' me back fondled an' me ar-rin pulled off be someman who's lible to be ruln' th' destinies iv this nation fr' four years fr'm th' Fourth iv nex' March. I'm a good fellow. I was sure iv it before, but now I have it on th' authority, d'ye mind, iv some iv th' noblest statesmen iv th' day who've come thousands iv miles to tell me so. Th' on'y way I know a candy-



"Rassles with a longshoreman fr' his vote, an' gets it."

date fr' prisdint fr'm a candydate fr' bailiff in th' Municipal coort is because th' candydate fr' bailiff is a little more refined in his wurruk. Have a good see-gar. 'Twas just give me be Woodrow Wilson."

"I walk up th' sthreet an' see a crowd iv th' leasure class, small boys an' truckmen, gathered about th' back iv a dhray. Says I to meself: 'This is wan iv thim Indyan doctors intrajoooin' snake root fr' nooralgy. Sometimes they're funny. I'll stop an' listen to him an' maybe see him land a sucker.' But whin I get near, to an' behold, like as not it's th' prisdint iv th' United States tellin' his aujencie that annywan that has ever been to a chicken fight knows ye've got to uphold th' decisions iv th' coorts. He makes a gr-reat imprission on their minds. Ye can see that be th' respectful applause they give him, whistlin' an' shoutin': 'O, you Willie,' an' 'Soak him again, Bill.'"

"They've all been to see me. In th' ol' days th' highest customer I got was a candydate fr' judge or sheriff, but I wudden't look at th' likes iv thim now. Th' boys ar-re standin' around waitin' fr' some wan to dhrup in, whin th' dure busts open an' in springs Tiddy Rosenfelt, orders a round, offers to shake dice with th' crowd, first flop, rassles with a longshoreman fr' his vote, an' gets it. 'Misther ex-Prisdint,' says I, 'what ar-re th' probabilities iv th' success iv th' gl'orious principles fr' which we stand?' says I. 'Chop th' Prisdint Eliot stuff,' says he. 'We've got th' big fellow skun to a whisper,' he says, an' goes out."

"He's harly gone whin a thin man in a long coat comes in. I think at first he's a canvasser fr' th' 'Life iv Calvin,' but he intrajoooes himself as Woodrow Wilson, an' says, 'Call me Woody; I like it,' orders a round iv limonade, offers to sing or do a jig to show he's a good fellow, says he's got a horrible headache because he was up till iliven o'clock last night playin' 'authors' with a lot iv th' boys, an' tells us he'd shake hands with ivry wan prisint if he hadn't fr'got his gloves. He gives me a lithygraft iv himself to paste up in th' front window an' goes his way."

"In a little while the prisdint iv th' bank down th' sthreet dhrups in with two statesmen walkin' a foot or two behind him. 'Boys,' says he, 'if ye value ye'er jobs ye'll vote fr' wan iv these two men. It doesn't make much difference which. Ayether Harmon, this wan, if I haven't got him mixed, or Underwood, this wan, is good enough fr' me. They ar-re both men who have been thried an' not found wantin' annything I didn't indorse. Me candydates will now address ye. Say something, congressman, like: 'It's always an agreeable surprise to meet intelligent wurrukin' men' or 'How close it is in here' or something like that. 'Dooley, take these eight dollars an' let these poor fellows dhrink thimselves crazy.' An' he goes out before annywan has time to throw a chair."

"Thin maybe I hear th' horn iv an autyomobill outside an' Willum Randolph Hearst comes in in a slouch hat embroidered with dimons, pullin' a fine old gentleman that looks as though he'd like to be home an' in bed. 'Fellow proolytarians,' says Willum. 'Fellow sufferers fr'm the oppression iv capital, this is th' sturdy champeen iv us onforchnit sufferers in th' sthuggles iv life,' he says. 'I want to intrajoooe th' fearless frind iv th' wretched, th' Hon'able Champ Clark iv Missouri. Speak up,' he says, shakin' the future prisdint iv th' United States be th' sleeve. 'Tell these grimy men what ye'er principles ar-re,' says he. 'I can on'y say,' says Champ Clark, 'that I want th' place. But I cud sing a song about me dog,' he says. 'Ain't that fine?' says Willum

Randolph. 'Did Wash'nton or Jefferson iver put annything over like that? Niver. Come on,' he says, an' they go out."

"Thin probably th' dures swing open an' a stout gentleman stands there fr' a minyt. His stove-pipe hat is dented in, his collar is loose, an' his clothes look rumpled. 'What kind iv a place is this they sint me to?' he says. 'I niver in me life see such a bunch iv ign'rance. Th' idee iv givin' thim votes makes me want to cry. O, dear, what am I sayin'? That isn't right. What was it they told me to say? O, yes. Boys, I'm glad to meet ye. Ordher what ye want on old Bill Taft. That's th' way ye like to be talked to. Don't stand on ceremony. Don't call me Misther Prisdint. Call me Bill. Old Bill. I like it. It chokes me, but I like it. I'm a fighter. Don't ye make anny mistake about that. I ain't anny longer th' bale iv hay me pridicissor says I am. I've been crooly threatened be this man. I can't get back at him too hard or he might threat me worse, but I'll put up me hands in front iv me face annyhow. He says I bit th' hand that fed me. But what was he feedin' me? His hand was in me face whin I bit it.'"

"Beure we all bust into tears I take him be th' ar-rin an' we go out together, an' says I: 'Misther Prisdint—no, I won't call ye Bill; I'll compromise on Willum Haitch—Willum Haitch, go home an' have ye'er hat irned,' says I. 'How can

I help bein' mussed up an' hope to be prisdint?' says he. 'O, you might,' says I. 'An' annyhow I don't see why ye shud hope to be prisdint. I'd rather keep me hat smooth,' says I."

"O, go away with ye," said Mr. Hennessy. "I've been in here ivry night fr' a week an' I niver see annywan higher thin a candydate fr' alldherman."

"Sure, I was on'y foolin' ye," said Mr. Dooley. "None iv thim has been around here, but they might as well be as doin' what they ar-re."

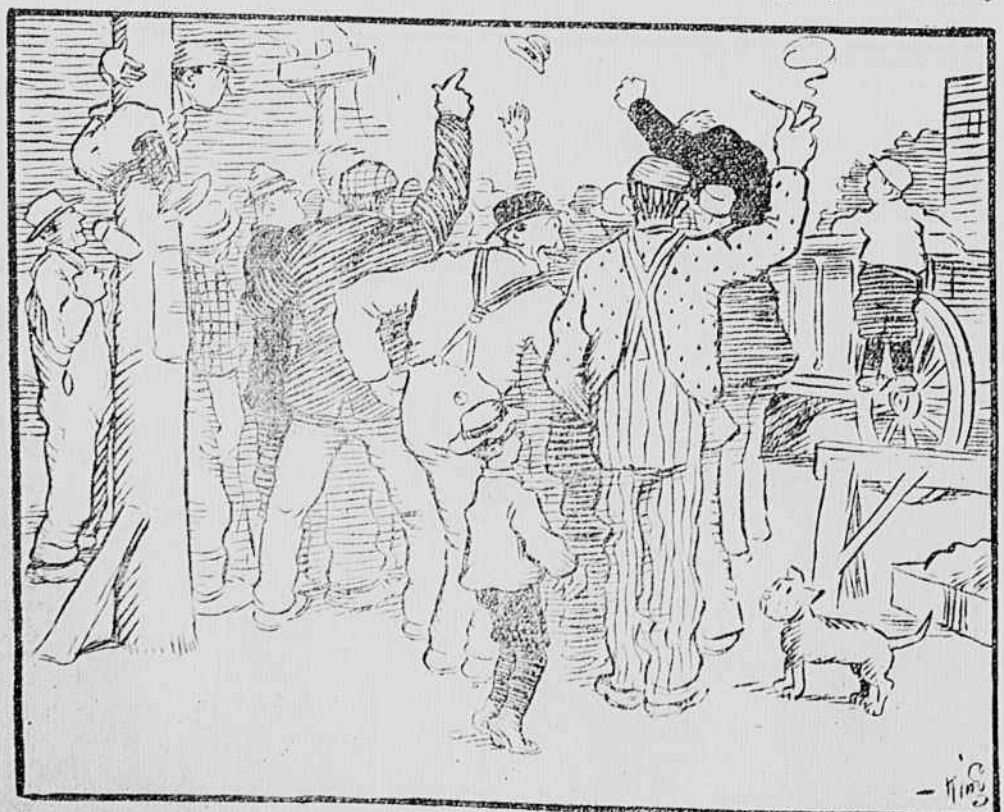
"It's a tur-rble hot fight between Rosenfelt an' Taft," said Mr. Hennessy.

"If," said Mr. Dooley, "me frind Bill Clancy put on such an exhibition at th' athletic club he'd lose his place as matchmaker. Th' polis wud be in th' ring an' ye'd read in th' pa-apers th' nex' day that affairs like this wud put an end to th' spoort. Ivry time I see Tiddy Rosenfelt jumpin' out iv his corner, feintin' to make his opp-onent miss an' thim bringin' across his right, I feel like tur-rnin' away me head."

"It's gr-reat fun annyhow," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It's all iv that," said Mr. Dooley. "But if I was a candydate fr' prisdint ye'd niver get me into anny wrangle iv that kind. Ye cudn't see me with a tilyscope. Fr'r, Hennessy, th' less ye see iv a man, good or bad, th' more ye think he's better or worse thin th' rest iv us."

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"Lo an' behold, like as not it's th' prisdint iv th' United States."



"What kind iv a place is this they sint me to?" he says."